

# GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

PUBLISHED BY  
**BARNES & FOSHA.**  
WASHINGTON STREET.

"INDEPENDENT"

TERMS:  
\$1.00 PER ANNUM  
IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME I.

GRAND HAVEN, MICH., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1859.

NUMBER 10.

1859.

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## THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AT  
Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Michigan.

Office, on Washington Street,  
In lower story, opposite the Post-Office.

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	1w	4w	3m	6m	9m	12m
1 square	\$1	\$4	\$12	\$24	\$36	\$48
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1 column	7	28	84	168	252	336

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stairs,) second door East of the Ottawa House,  
Water Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

### THE SABBATH BELL.

I love its sounds on a spring like day,  
When balmy breezes gently play;  
When the air is sweet with the breath of  
flowers—  
An incense meet for the holy hours;  
They steal on my ear like a witching spell,  
Those deep, deep tones of the Sabbath bell.

I love to hear its merry ring  
When summer birds in the branches sing;  
While nature pours her sweetest lays  
It bids us seek the hour of praise.  
Oh, passing sweet doth music swell  
The deep, deep tones of the Sabbath bell.

They speak, we think, with solemn tone,  
And Nature wears the robes of death,  
Then, ringing forth so loud and clear,  
Their thrilling tones my spirit cheer;  
In winter hours I love them well,  
Those deep, deep tones of the Sabbath bell.

When winter comes with icy breath,  
And Nature wears the robes of death,  
Then, ringing forth so loud and clear,  
Their thrilling tones my spirit cheer;  
In winter hours I love them well,  
Those deep, deep tones of the Sabbath bell.

Through all "our country" they are found,  
From thousand spires their peals resound,  
A nation free, they all proclaim,  
And sound abroad a noble fame.  
A people blessed than ever dwell  
Where weekly peals the Sabbath bell.

### THE BROKEN HEARTED, or, Crime its own Avenger.

A letter was recently published in which  
Harlow Case, the defaulting collector of  
Sandusky, announced the decease of the  
unhappy woman who had accompanied  
his flight, and implored the forgiveness of  
her husband. Under the title we have  
given above, a missionary correspondent  
of the Boston Watchman and Reflector  
describes an interview with the guilty  
pair, which took place shortly before  
death hurried away the mother and child  
whom she made the companion of her  
wanderings. The subject is a painful one,  
but the writer describes so feelingly and  
truthfully the self-inflicted misery of Case  
and his partner in guilt, that we repro-  
duce his narrative:

"What though the spiny breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile."

Curiously enough I was just repeating  
this stanza when my new acquaintance  
called for me. I had met him while on  
a visit to Ceylon, as a countryman of  
mine, and was pleased with the opportunity  
that afforded me a more intimate  
personal knowledge.

I thought myself fortunate in falling  
in with so agreeable a gentleman, and con-  
sidered his face and manners peculiarly  
refined. On our second meeting I noticed  
a singular restlessness of the hand-  
some dark eyes, and irritable bitterness  
of the lips, and a disposition to be constantly  
on the move, shown in the tapping of a  
bamboo cane, or the of foot or hand.

These things, however, did not strike  
me as singular at the time, but coupled  
with what I afterwards learned, were  
certain evidence that the man felt al-  
ready the gnawings of the worm that  
never dies.

One forenoon we left the little seaport  
town where I was sojourning, and rode a  
short distance into the interior of the gor-  
geous island. Most glorious were the  
surroundings on every hand. With a  
prodigality quite undreamed of by the in-  
habitants of a colder clime, nature had  
showered her most exquisite floral gifts  
everywhere. Trees loaded with sweet  
smelling flowers, their intense colors vie-  
ing with the foliage of richer green from  
out of which they smiled; tall cactus-  
plants, with crimson, goblet shaped blo-  
soms; lilies, gorgeous in the queenly un-  
folding of form and color—everything  
rich, lavish, wonderful, met our eyes,  
feasted to fullness with this tropical lux-  
uriance.

"This is my house," said my new  
friend, pointing to a low-roofed cottage,  
surrounded by a wide verandah, from  
whose clinging vines sweet odors were  
flung upon the soft atmosphere—but  
from the moment the words were uttered  
his sociability departed.

Within the cottage enclosures were  
walks, bowers and fountains. Chaste  
statuary was dispersed over the grounds  
with most charming effect. The house  
seemed almost a fairy structure, rising  
in the midst of flowers and foliage. And  
the man who sat beside me, whose smile  
mounted no higher than his lips—the  
dreamy, far-looking discontent in his eye

growing every moment more perceptible  
—was the owner of this Eden-like home.

We were met on the threshold by a  
lovely child of eleven summers. Her hair  
hung in curls. Her eyes particularly lus-  
trous, yet mournful in beauty, and on the  
young brow I seemed to see a something  
—a shadow of sadness—an unchildlike qui-  
et, as she greeted my new friend.

Dressed in pure white, she glided in  
before us, and to her was left the duty of  
entertaining me; while Mr. C., excusing  
himself in the remark that sickness nec-  
essarily called him away, for a half an  
hour or so, left the room.

"Is your mother unwell?" I asked of  
the little girl, who, with those sorrowful  
eyes of hers, was regarding me gently  
but attentively.

"Yes, mamma has been sick a long  
time," replied she, dropping her eyes,  
while her lips trembled.

"Did you come from America?" she  
asked timidly, after a long silence.

"Yes my dear. Do you know any-  
thing of that country?" I returned grow-  
ing more pleased with her expressive face.  
"Only that mamma came from there,  
and I think," she added hesitatingly,  
"that I did. But Mr. C. will never let  
me talk about it."

"Are you then not the little daughter  
of Mr. C.?" I asked somewhat aston-  
ished.

"I am my mother's daughter," answered  
the child, with a grave dignity in one  
so young—a minute after she arose and  
quietly left the room.

I sat watching her white robes flitting  
through the long shady walk opposite  
my window, and knew that the child  
brooded over some dark sorrow, for her  
eyes were filled with tears.

Why was it, I questioned myself, that  
painful thought took possession of me as  
I sat there? It seemed as if I were so-  
journing in an enchanted spot, and that  
some horror was suddenly to break upon  
me.

At my side, nearly covering a beauti-  
ful table of letter-wood, were several cost-  
ly gift books. I took them up carefully,  
for I have a reverence for books, and turn-  
ing to the fly-leaf of a splendid bound  
copy of Shakespeare, read—

"To Mary Frances F., from her hus-  
band Henry E. F."

A thrill of surprise and anguish ran  
from vein to vein. My thoughts seemed  
paralyzed. The truth had burst upon me  
with such suddenness that the blood rushed  
with a shock to my heart.

I knew Henry E. F., had known  
him intimately for years. He was a  
friend towards whom all my sympathies  
had been drawn, for he had seen such  
sorrow as makes the heart grow old be-  
fore its time.

His wife, whom he loved, had desert-  
ed him. She had taken with her his only  
child. She had desolated a household;  
and, forgetting honor, shame, everything  
that pertains to virtue and to God, had  
fled from the country with the man whose  
arts had won her wanton love.

How could I remain under this roof,  
that now seemed accursed! How meet  
the destroyer of my virtue—the fiend  
who had revealed in such a conquest!

I could only think of the evil they had  
done—not what they might suffer thro'  
the tortures of remorse. It was some  
time before the seducer came into the  
room where I still sat with the child, de-  
termined to meet him once more before I  
left the house.

O! how guilty! how heart-stricken his  
appearance! Remorse sat on his fore-  
head—looked from his eyes—spoke when  
he was silent.

"Will you come to dinner?" he asked.

I hesitated. Should I partake of his  
hospitality; the hospitality of one of  
those fiends in human shape whose steps  
take hold on hell? Why not at once in  
burning words upbraid him for his vil-  
lany, and flee as from a pestilence his  
sin-cursed house! The man noticed my  
hesitation. He could not, of course, in-  
terpret its cause. As he repeated the re-  
quest, the look of distress upon his face  
excited a feeling of pity, which, for the  
moment, slightly disarmed my resent-  
ment, and, under the influence of this  
feeling, almost unconsciously I passed in-  
to the dining-room.

"I am sorry little Nellie's mamma"—  
(I was glad he did not dare to use the  
sacred name of wife)—"is not able to sit  
down with us," he said. "It is many  
months since we have had her presence at  
our meals. She is suffering from the ef-  
fects of slow fever induced by the climate"  
he added gravely, as he motioned me a  
seat before him.

The table glittered with silver plate.—  
Obedient servants brought on the  
most costly servers delicacies such as I  
had never seen before.

But, the skeleton sat at the feast!  
I could not talk, save in monosyllables.  
My host ate hastily—almost carelessly—  
waiting upon me with many abrupt starts  
and apologies.

Wine came. He drank freely. Soon  
he sent the little girl and servants from  
the room, and seemed striving to nerve  
himself for conversation.

"You are from—city, I believe,"  
he said; nervously.

I answered an affirmative.

"Did you ever know a gentleman  
there by the name of—H. E. F.?"

"I knew him, sir," I said sternly,  
looking him steadily in the face, "and I  
know him also as a ruined, heart-broken  
man."

With an ejaculation of anguish, he put  
his handkerchief to his eyes. It would  
have seemed hypocritical, but the suffer-  
ing on his face was unmistakable.

"Perhaps you have suspected then?"—  
he began in a quivering voice.

Not calmly, but with the words of an  
accuser, I told him what I had seen, and  
thought, and felt.

"Sir said he, in a tone which I shall  
never forget, 'if I have sinned, God in  
Heaven knows I have sinned; and if in  
F's bereavement he has cursed me, that  
curse is fearfully fulfilled! Poor Mary is  
dying—has been dying for months, and  
I have known it. It has been for me to  
see the falling step—the dimming eye—  
it is for me to see the terrible struggles of  
her nearly worn-out frame; it is for me  
to listen to her language of remorse, that  
sometimes almost drives me mad. Yes,  
mad,' he said, in frenzy, rising and  
crossing the floor with long, hasty strides.  
Then burying his face in his hands, he  
exclaimed, 'Too late—too late—I have  
repented.'"

There was a long pause, and he con-  
tinued more calmly, "No human means  
can now restore my poor companion.—  
Her moral sensibilities become more and  
more acute as she fails in strength, so  
that she reproaches herself constantly."

A weary, mournful sigh broke from  
his lips, as if his heart would break.

"Oh! if he knew," he exclaimed again,  
"if he knew how bitter a penalty she is  
paying for the outrage she is committing  
upon him, he would pity her—and if it  
could be, forgive."

"Will you see her, sir?"

I shrank from the very thought.

"She asked for you, sir; do not deny  
her request. Hearing that you came  
from America, she entreated me to bring  
you to her. I promised that I would."

"I will go then."

Up the cool, wide, matted stairs, he led  
me, into a chamber oriental in its beau-  
tiful furnishing, its chaste magnificence.

There, half-reclining in a wide easy  
chair—a costly shawl of lace thrown over  
her attenuated shoulders; the rich dress-  
ing gown, clinging and hallowed to the  
ravages sickness had made—sat one  
whose great beauty and once gentle gifts,  
had made the light and loveliness of a  
once sacred home.

The eyes only retained their lustre;  
they were woefully sunken. The blazing  
fire, kindled at the vitals, burning upon  
her sharpened cheeks, burned more fierco-  
ly, more hotly, as she looked into my  
face. I could think no more of anger;  
I could only say to myself:

"Oh! how sorry am I for you!"

She knew, probably, by her husband's  
manner that I was aware of their circum-  
stances.

Her first question was—  
"Are you going back to America,  
sir?"

The hollowed voice startled me. I  
seemed to see an open sepulchre.

I told her that it was not my intention  
to return at present.

"Oh! then who will take my little  
child back to her father?" she cried, the  
tears falling. "I am dying, and she must  
go back to him! It is the only repara-  
tion I can make, and little enough, oh,  
little enough, for the bitter wrong I have  
done him."

"I hoped, sir, you might see him,"  
she added a moment after, checking her  
sobs: "I hoped you might tell him that  
his image is before me from morning till  
night, as I knew he must have looked  
when the first shock came. Oh sir—tell  
him my story—warn, oh, warn every-  
body. Tell him I have suffered through  
the long, long hours, these many weary  
years; ah, God only knows how deeply."

"Mary, you must control your feel-  
ings," said my host, gently.

"Let me talk while I may," was the  
answer. "Let me say that since the  
day I left my home, I have not seen a  
single hour of happiness. It was always  
to come—always just ahead—and here is  
what has come—the grave is opening,  
and I must go to judgment. O, how bit-  
terly have I paid for my sin. Forgive  
me—O my God—forgive."

It was a solemn hour, that which I  
spent by that dying penitent. Prayer  
she listened to—she did not seem to pray  
—or if she did, she gave no outward  
sign. Remorse had worn away all her  
beauty, even more than illness. She  
looked to the future with a despairing  
kind of hope, and but feeble faith.

Reader, the misguided woman of Cey-  
lon lies beneath the stately branches of  
the palm tree. Her sweet child never  
met her father in her native land. She  
sleeps beneath the troubled waters of the  
great wide sea. Where the betrayer wan-  
ders I cannot tell; but wherever he is  
there is no peace for him. How often  
rings that hollow voice in my ear—"Tell  
my story! Warn, O warn everybody."

For the Grand Haven News.  
TEMPERANCE—NO. II.

MY DEAR NEWS—I promised in my  
last to show that the sacrifice of our law-  
ful comforts is a christian duty—when  
made for the sake of our weak and erring  
brethren. Many duties are expressly laid  
down in the sacred scriptures, and are  
formally enjoined by direct and positive  
command; but many others, arising out  
of the complicated circumstances of soci-  
ety and relations of life, instead of being  
verbally detailed, are taught by example,  
or are dictated by christian principles.—  
To love God with all our heart, and our  
neighbour as ourselves, are the great prin-  
ciples of practical religion and christian  
duty. These principles are to actuate and  
govern our lives; they are to be practical-  
ly wrought out in the whole of our de-  
portment as we move on through the nu-  
merous and ever varying relations of life,  
and all the duties they inculcate, whether  
specifically enumerated in the bible or not,  
are to be discharged. In the exercise of  
these principles, natural rights and law-  
ful comforts are frequently to be sacrificed  
for the honor of God and the welfare of  
our fellow men. For the special applica-  
tion of these principles, to a particular case,  
we refer our readers to the language and  
conduct of the great Apostle, the record  
of which they may find in the 10th chap-  
ter of Romans and the 8th chapter of 1st  
Corinthians. The case is this:

A sincere but weak brother with a  
scrupulous conscience, deems it sinful to  
partake of meat which has been offered  
to idols; but another possessing more spiri-  
tual discernment looks with just con-  
tempt upon an idol, as in effect a nonen-  
tity, a representation of an ideal being which  
has no existence but in the imagination,  
and deems it as right to partake of the  
meat thus offered as any other.

Now what is the duty of the stronger  
christian, in this case, toward his weaker  
brother? Is he to stand upon his natu-  
ral (or what he conceives to be so) right,  
and partake of that food to the injury and  
stumbling of his brother? Is he in the  
exercise of his personal liberty to trifle  
with the conscientious scruples of his  
brother? Most certainly not.

The lofty principles of christian charity  
forbid it. The self-denying principles of  
our holy christianity forbid it. The in-  
spired declarations of the great Apostle  
forbid it. The following is his teaching  
upon this subject:

"Let us judge one another no more, but  
judge this rather that no man put a  
stumbling block, or an occasion to fall in  
his brother's way; I know and am per-  
suaded by the Lord Jesus that there is  
nothing unclean of itself, but to him that  
esteemeth anything to be unclean to him  
it is unclean. But if thy brother be griev-  
ed with thy meat, now walkest thou not

charitably; destroy not him with thy meat  
for whom Christ died," &c., and he sums  
up the whole as follows: "It is good nei-  
ther to eat flesh, or drink wine, or do  
anything whereby thy brother stumbleth  
or is offended, or is made weak."

Can language more appropriate, or ar-  
gument more conclusive be employed to  
show that it is our duty under certain cir-  
cumstances to sacrifice even our lawful  
comforts and personal rights for the wel-  
fare of our brethren? nay more, it is here  
urged as a christian duty—the neglect of  
which is shown to be a breach of christian  
charity, a sin against our brother, and a  
sin against Christ.

But we do not ask our fellow-citizens to  
abstain from meat, or indeed from any of  
the good gifts of God, all of which are to  
be received with thanksgiving. But we do  
ask them, if not for their own sakes, for  
the sake of their erring and fallen breth-  
ren, to abstain from wine, which "is a  
mockery, and strong drink which is raging;"  
nay, we urge them by all the generous  
sympathies of our common christianity to  
do so—remembering that the sacrifice of  
these is a far less one than that recom-  
mended by St. Paul, and one which, in  
our judgment, the scriptures imperatively  
demand.

And now, dear reader, we commend  
the above thoughts to your candid con-  
sideration; and tell us, have we not  
succeeded in proving the doctrine with  
which we commenced this article, and also  
in establishing the doctrine of Total Ab-  
stinence from all intoxicating drinks, upon  
a scriptural basis, and making the great  
Apostle to the Gentiles the patron of our  
exertions.

Fearing I have trespassed too much  
upon your valuable columns I shall con-  
clude this article, fully persuaded that if  
the sober, thoughtful, reflecting, and es-  
pecially the christian would seriously  
consider the subject in the light which we  
have endeavored to present it, few would  
stand aloof from the glorious cause; and  
none but the interested would oppose.—  
More anon. Yours, &c.,

VINDEX.

Grand Haven, Feb'y 23, 1859.

### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—A top is like a cinnam tree—the  
bark is worth more than the body.

—Our Legislature has abolished  
grand juries.

—When a man is too poor to keep a  
cow, he ought not to keep more than  
four dogs.

—No franking privilege exists in  
England, even the Queen is obliged to pay  
her penny postage.

—The Traverse City Herald says there  
never was a drop of intoxicating liquors  
sold in that town!

—It is said that a cheese painted over  
with melted suet, so as to form a thin  
coat over the outside, never has mites.

—"I can't find bread for my family,"  
said a lazy fellow in company.

—"Nor I," said an industrious mechanic;  
"I am obliged to work for it."

—A bashful printer refused a situa-  
tion in a printing office where females  
were employed, saying, "that he never  
sat up with a girl in his life."

—An Indiana paper refuses to pub-  
lish eulogies gratis, but adds, "We will  
publish the simple announcement of the  
death of any of our friends with pleasure."

—A Mr. Hodgson, who has invented  
a machine, for which he presumes to have  
a patent, which he represents will straight-  
en the kinks in a negro's wool, and which  
he styles "The Great African Hair Un-  
kinker," is lecturing in New York on  
that subject.

—Ex-Governor Slade, of Vermont, a  
noble philanthropist, and to whom the  
West is much indebted for her intelligent  
female school teachers, died at his resi-  
dence at Middlebury, Vt., on Sunday last.  
The son of Gov. Slade, who is a State  
Senator, and resides at Cleveland, Ohio,  
recently lost seven children, a brother and  
his father, by death, within three days.